Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
The daungers of his lothſome enterpriſe:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
VVhat following ſorrow may on this ariſe.
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And iuſtly thus controlls his thoughts vniuſt.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die vnhallowed thoughts, before you blot
VVith your vncleanneſſe, that which is deuine:
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
That ſpots & ſtains loues modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining Armes,
O foule diſhonor to my houſhoulds graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes.
A martiall man to be ſoft fancies ſlaue,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould haue,
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea

Yea though I die the ſcandale will ſur
And be an eie-ſore in my golden coa
Some lothſome daſh the Herrald wil
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote
That my poſteritie ſham'd with the n
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it
To wiſh that I their father had not

VVhat win I if I gaine the thing I ſeek
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleetin
VVho buies a minutes mirth to waile
Or ſels eternitie to get a toy?
For one ſweete grape who will the vi
Or what fond begger, but to touc
VVould with the ſcepter ſtraight

If COLATINVS dreame of my inte
VVill he not wake, and in a deſp'rat
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to preu
This ſiege that hath ingirt his marria
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the
This dying vertue, this ſuruiuing
VVhoſe crime will beare an euer-